

THE  
**QUACK DOCTORS.**

A

S A T I R E.  
IN  
**H U D I B R A S T I C S T I L E.**



LONDON.  
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[Price One Shilling.]



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T H E  
QUACK DOCTORS.  
  
A  
S A T I R E.

**Y**E potent Shadows of the Dead,  
In Physick regularly bred,  
Well skill'd in Med'cine, and each Art  
That cou'd to Sicknes Health impart ;  
Who by long Practice, Care, and Study,  
Would make a fallow Phiz look ruddy ;  
Cou'd amputate or set a Bone,  
Or cure the Gravel and the Stone,  
With Draught, with Bolus and a Box  
Of curious Pills, stop Itch or Pox,

B And

And all those growing Ills remove  
 Which Mortals get by too much Love ;  
 Virgins from gnawing Chalk and Sheets,  
 Prescrib'd by you, Assistance meets :  
 You, who have all those Ills remov'd,  
 And hundreds more, which Time has prov'd ;  
 You, who the Virtues know of Herbs,  
 Which violent Disorders curbs ;  
 Ye Sages, not with Quacks connected,  
 Who various Bodies have dissected ;  
 And know the Fluctions to each Part,  
 How ev'ry Vessel feeds the Heart ;  
 To you, in Sable suit of Woe,  
 My Muse now sues, and begs you'll throw  
 All your Assistance in her Scale,  
 That, with your Aid, she ne'er may fail  
 To paint in proper Colours those  
 Death-dealing Knaves, to Health long Foes ;  
 With which this City is infested,  
 Who ought by all to be detested ;  
 Those Quacks whose Bills 'gainst ev'ry Wall,  
 And every Paper loudly bawl,  
 They Vigour, Health, and Strength can give,  
 And Mortals almost dead make live :

O lend

O lend your Aid, that I this Jumble,  
 This horrid Train, may justly humble ;  
 Drive each to his old Occupation,  
 Nor let him more to rob the Nation,  
 Nor fill your Heads with lying Crotchetts,  
 And, gravely hem'ming, pick your Pockets.

The first, what Crouds about him flock !  
 No Wonder, 'tis the Noted R——k ;  
 And he, with Safety, Ease, and Speed,  
 Cures the most foul, if he's but fee'd :  
 A pompous large Harangue gives out ;  
 You not one Tittle need to doubt,  
 And, Doctor, if it won't displease,  
 You in all Scenes have took degrees ;  
 For if you are not, Sir, bely'd,  
 Your wond'rous Talents first were try'd  
 On those, whose Limbs were not full good,  
 In making others — Legs of Wood ;  
 And next, if they don't you bespatter,  
 In crying Wooden Spoons and Platter :  
 That failing, for the soaring Mind  
 To no Degree or Sphere's confin'd,

And

And liking not yourself t' inthrall,  
 You mended Shoes in Cobler's stall ;  
 From thence the Sphere your Life adorns,  
 Retail'd a famous Salve for Corns,  
 Powders for Children, Cakes for Worms ;  
 And thus you've trod all Paths by turns,  
 Have often sounded forth your Praife,  
 First on Joint-stool, and then in Chaise ;  
 Rose high now in the Phyſic Art,  
 And back'd by Cash to take your Part,  
 You vie with all the Medic Tribe,  
 And wond'rous cures t' yourſelf ascribe ;  
 Amongſt a hundred other Slops,  
 Sell Patent Genuine Jesuits Drops ;  
 But your fam'd Drops have oft intrap'd,  
 Poxing of those before but clap'd.  
 Of your whole Slops to make a ſurvey,  
 You've Ointment, cures both Itch and Scurvy :  
 But Doctor ceafe to bamb the town,  
 For fear Old Nick ſhould claim his own,  
 And make you take a Pill uncivil,  
 Will hurl you headlong to the Devil :  
 'Tis known to all who've you employ'd,  
 For one you cur'd you've ten destroy'd

Next in the Roll, that Quack of Quacks,  
 F—ks, call'd by Name the Worst of Blacks,  
 Who long a Firelock has handed,  
 An old Foot Soldier, but disbanded ;  
 Now set at large, with Gumbootch Pills,  
 Takes on him to remove those Ills,  
 That's got by too impure Coition :  
 A Soldier, Gods ! a fine Physician !  
 How cou'd this Fancy take his Head,  
 That he shou'd get by Med'cine fed ;  
 Unless, as heretofore, was willing,  
 As he had liv'd, to live by Killing :  
 A kind, of Sympathy betray'd  
 A liking to his former Trade,  
 And close adheres to all War's Rules  
 As it's now taught in Modern Schools.  
 Not only kill'd he has, but plunder'd :  
 Unwary Youths hundred on hundred ;  
 Ne'er did his Musquet make more Slaughter,  
 Or Cannon large, or Bomb, or Mortar ;  
 Avoid this Place, where a sad Sentence  
 To Culprits oft have brought Repentance,  
 And Felon there, with Conscience callous,  
 Has often heard his Doom the Gallows :

For Poisons there dispens'd are daily,  
That fatal Place nam'd the Old Bailey ;  
And dire impending Ruin lies,  
Who takes his Nostrums surely dies.

Another Dabbler now succeeds,  
And ev'ry Patient well he bleeds ;  
Bleeds of their Cash, on that's his Eye,  
Nor cares he if they live or dye.  
Light, Light, your Honour ! when a Boy,  
'Tis handed down, was his Employ ;  
Fame's Ladder's Rounds he slowly mounts,  
And Drawer, Waiter, Pimp, recounts ;  
(Some Ladder, if I judge aright,  
Will close his Eyes in endless Night.)  
From getting Med'cines for the Brims,  
His rate of Doctorship begins ;  
Distributes Pill, Bolus, and Unction  
And takes the Fees without Compunction :  
Vends an Elixir, healing quite,  
Whate'er's you Case, this sets you right ;  
This, tho' your Pox is e'er so staunch  
Eradicates it Root and Branch :  
This worthy Wight, of Health the Prop,  
In point of Figure's Doctor Slop ;

Report, if certain, says that D——n  
Of Cash has lick'd himself quit clean,  
And has of Hundreds clear'd fifteen.

Drawn from the Drofs of all Mankind ;  
Behold he now steps forth resign'd,  
But true there's not so vile a Bargain,  
'Twixt Tower-hill and Covent-garden.

The next a Doctor fam'd from France,  
With burning Caustick makes you prance :  
No Wonder he his Patient burns,  
He only to his Trade returns ;  
Bred at the Forge to sweat and broil,  
Of that the Anvil made him toil,  
Did long with Skill Sledge-hammer weild.  
And made the ductile Iron yeild  
To Forms, sometimes of Keys and Locks,  
Pokers or Tongs, or Weights for Clocks ;  
And oft was doom'd to take a Spell,  
(Himself did this in Dolour tell,)  
And at the Bellows blow and puff,  
Nay, forc'd to stand the Kick and Cuff,  
Went through all sorts of slavish Work,  
By much too hard for Jew or Turk :

At

Finding, alas! no Ease at Home,  
 This Vulcan's Imp was forc'd to roam,  
 Forsook his native hungry Soil,  
 Intent to live upon the Spoil  
 Of Friend or Foe, 'twas all the same,  
 He trick'd and bilk'd where'er he came ;  
 At length the Continent grew hot,  
 There had he staid, he'd spoilt his Plot ;  
 Next cross'd the Seas, for fear of worse,  
 As Farrier to a Troop of Horse :  
 A hopeful Step was this he made,  
 For now was call'd in Med'cine's Aid,  
 And to it hard and pell-mell goes,  
 Striving to cure the Beasts he shoes..  
 Next is another scheme began,  
 And turn from Doct'ring Horse to Man ;  
 A very hopeful pretty Plan !  
 Beware of Counterfeits, says he,  
 And come to Regulars, like me.  
 A pretty Regular, indeed !  
 A fine Physician, to be fee'd !  
 Instead of Cash his Fee I'll alter,  
 Reward the Doctor with a Halter :  
 But to be strung he'll come, I warrant,  
 And thus I bid adieu to S——t.

Another

Another Object strikes our View,  
 Projecting Methods fine and new ;  
 Near a fine Church, fam'd for a Bell,  
 This dirty hobling Feind of Hell,  
 In Mansion large, assumes a State,  
 And lives at almost princely Rate :  
 His Warehouse, like Pandora's Box,  
 When open'd, out fly Ills by Flocks ;  
 Deals out for Drugs all kind of Trash,  
 And all that comes he strips of Cash,  
 By pompous Bills, in which he swears  
 He'll ease you soon of all your Cares.  
 His Warehouse, like a Magazine,  
 Has Remedies from Pox to Spleen ;  
 No Mortal e'er had that Disease  
 But he could cure, and soon, with Ease.  
 Thus he runs on ; But, O dire hap !  
 What pains attend the Youth, whom Clap,  
 Or Touch impure, of Strolling Dame,  
 Chagrin'd with Doubt, and Fear of Shame,  
 To W——t applies, in hope his Pills,  
 In little Time will cure his Ills.  
 Three over Night and two in Morn  
 He takes, till Constitution's torn ;

Then, Doctor, why am I not cur'd,  
 I've physicking enough indur'd,  
 I'm brought so low can hardly stand !  
 When, with starch'd Phiz, W——t takes his Hand :  
 Dear Sir, don't undergo Dejection,  
 Your's was, indeed, a sad Infection ;  
 But I've a Nostrum will prevail,  
 It never yet was known to fail :  
 High it will come, but we are taught,  
 Health never can too dear be bought :  
 What signifies our Mines of Wealth,  
 If we are not endu'd with Health.  
 What comes it to, dear Doctor, tell ;  
 Take half I'm worth, make me but well.  
 The Wretch replies, For Guineas five,  
 No Man more sound shall be alive.  
 The Cash produc'd, a Box is brought,  
 Which with Gilt Trash is fully fraught,  
 And Virtues has not any more,  
 But just the same he took before :  
 Forc'd after all this dreadful Purging,  
 To undergo a second Scourging,  
 Stript of his Money, Health and Bloom,  
 What ought to be the Robber's Doom ?

But

But Laws we've none, that touch this Set,  
 These worst of Rogues that e'er are met ;  
 For with Impunity they jobb,  
 And in their Chariots roll and rob.

His Origin we'll now describe ;  
 This Member of the Quacking Tribe,  
 Him we shall find; like all the rest,  
 But a Mechanic bred at best ;  
 And that too of the lowest Clas,  
 Noting him first a Blowing Glafs ;  
 From blowing Bottles, Glass, and Vial.  
 He took a little further Trial,  
 And fill'd these Vials, that he'd blown,  
 With Composition of his own :  
 Thus deals at Random Slops about,  
 But oft'ner kills than cures, no doubt.

Another next stands forth to claim  
 And wrangle for Galenic Fame ;  
 If to Credulity inclin'd  
 You'll not like him a Doctor find,  
 And vers'd in all the cunning Pranks  
 Of our Bombastick Mountebanks ;  
 And puffing is the favo'rite Gin  
 With which they take th' Unwary in,

And

And by Pretence of Skill trepan 'em ;  
 But try'd, they've got no more than Grannum.  
 A grand Specifick he prepares,  
 That dissipates all Pains and Fears ;  
 Take that, and never doubt but you  
 Your Nature's Charter will renew ;  
 Your Ease regain, with Health and Vigour ;  
 And this not done by Pain or Rigour,  
 No Blue-stone or Cathartick strong,  
 But mildly sweeps Disease along ;  
 No rough Mercurials here are us'd,  
 But gentle Med'cines are infus'd  
 Into this grand Elixir, which  
 Expunges Scurvy, Pox and Itch,  
 And largely descants on his Practice ;  
 But try'd you'll find the Matter fact is,  
 That this Specifick never yet  
 Did either Good or Ill beget :  
 In fine, his Remedies and Knowledge  
 Are like just to a Chip in Porridge .  
 To trace the Steps we're darkly led,  
 Which made him Stage of Physick tread ;  
 But Hint is given that this Employ  
 He took from being Lob-lolly Boy

At

At Sea on board a Privateer ;  
 And this too seems a Matter clear,  
 For he his Residence has fixt  
 And 'mongst Sea Brutes is always mixt,  
 In Wapping Tap-house may be found,  
 Dealing to Tars his Physick round.  
 Thus L——g in Vice does come far short  
 Of others that with him consort :  
 I never heard that this poor Devil's  
 Med'cines did either Good or Evil.

Drops from Montpellier brought, much fam'd ;  
 With these no other can be nam'd.  
 Can Drugs, like Fashions, Worth enhance,  
 And better prove, because from France ?  
 Can foreign Doctors Pills prepare,  
 Or Drops or Draughts, with greater Care  
 Than can an English Regular ? }  
 No ; often has Experience taught,  
 The farther fetch'd the dearer bought :  
 But all the Great our Natives scorn,  
 If Signor or Monsieur adorn ;  
 Or Foreign Sound the Goods await,  
 They're sure to find Consumption great ;

E

And

And Foreigners will always flock  
 To that same Place where, without Stock  
 Of ought but Cringing and Grimace,  
 They'll special Favour find, and Grace ;  
 From whence they'll wing and take the Wind,  
 When fledg'd or feather'd to their Mind.  
 This Glory has our Nobles gain'd !  
 'Tis this our wealthy Land has drain'd.  
 From these hard Griefs which Britons mourn,  
 We'll to the Vender now return,  
 Of these same Drops, who fam'd for Brats,  
 And great Conceit's a forward Ass ;  
 He and his Drops are full of Merit ;  
 And numerous Virtues they inherit ;  
 But if conven'd their Virtues stand,  
 You'll find 'em weak as Ropes of Sand ;  
 In Poisons noxious they're replete ;  
 Who takes, will Ruin slowly meet.

Next does appear a mighty Co.  
 Compos'd of whom ! the Devil knows who !  
 Nor more Intelligence can get,  
 From any one that's met with yet :  
 But Quacks some two or three suspected,  
 In close Alliance are connected,

And

And if Suspicions are not wrong,  
 They'll sweetly gull and chouse the Throng :  
 Their Title is a Sanction great,  
 And helps to make 'em more compleat ;  
 No Empirics you'll meet with there,  
 But all is regular and fair :  
 Thus they advertise and much more,  
 You scarce have heard the like before,  
 A S—ns Company to meet  
 In public place too like Fl—t Street.  
 But projects never cease to change,  
 And every Hour one fees Things strange ;  
 A Med'cine fam'd for Expedition,  
 Retail'd at Shop of an Optician ;  
 This Antispyhilicon, said Garth,  
 Pox wou'd extirpate from the Earth ;  
 And Ratcliff too, they say, concur'd ;  
 But plain its prov'd they both have err'd :  
 Never so vile an Electuary  
 Was made by dabbling 'Pothecary ;  
 Cou'd this Optican near be lurking,  
 And view the Inside when it's working.  
 To see with what a horrid Jumble,  
 The Entrails to and fro do tumble,

Cause

Cause to repent he'd have enough,  
 And never more retail such Stuff ;  
 But this, and not to make it worse,  
 It's only Physick for a Horse ;  
 Makes those who take it Pain endure,  
 And never once was known to cure.

But see ! starts up like Mushroom,  
 Puffs, struts and vamps ; he'll very soon  
 Drive, like a Mist, Disease away,  
 And new-mould Man as Potters Clay ;  
 For meer Humanity, not Pelf,  
 And Æsculapius is himself :  
 In him is center'd Knowledge more  
 Than any one you've seen before.  
 But hold, dear Sir ! and let be known,  
 How your great Merit first was shown.  
 'Tis true, indeed, your Tumbling's rare  
 As e'er amus'd a Mob at Fair ;  
 A Somerset you well can throw,  
 And clean can thro' a Hogshead go ;  
 Can vault o'er thirteen men at once,  
 Nor dreaded e'er to break your Sconce ;  
 Walk the tight Rope or Hornpipe dance,  
 And blow the Trumpet too by chance ;

But

But the chief thing you in excel,  
 Is walking on the Wire well ;  
 And tho' he now in Physick ranks,  
 Has Andrew been to Mountebanks ;  
 And heretofore I've heard him vow,  
 He got more Money than does now ;  
 For by his wond'reus Trick and Feats  
 On Market Days when Country meets,  
 From 'Squire to Hob wou'd stare and gape,  
 Amaz'd how he his Neck kept safe,  
 And while in Feats he was not scanty,  
 They'd toss him up small Money Plenty :  
 Thus he, and Mountebank his Master,  
 (A post Horse hardly cou'd much faster)  
 Through every Town in England rush,  
 And every County surely Brush.  
 But pray leave dabbling, Doctor, do,  
 And your old Tumbling Trade pursue ;  
 M——t no more the Name prophane,  
 Nor be unwary Mortals Bane ;  
 You only make of Physick Mock, Sir,  
 By turning Charlatan to Doctor.

Rhinoceros Salts, if they're not out,  
 Probatum est a Cure for Gout ;

For Grieſs, Pleuretic and Sciatic ;  
 And tort'ring Pains altho' Rheumatic ;  
 Distemper'd barren Ladies here,  
 That pine and whine for Want of Heir,  
 Taking these Salts will fertile grow,  
 And reap the Fruit of Seeds they sow ;  
 To stale Old Maids, who long have dreaded,  
 And quak'd for fear of not being wedded,  
 Give a new Bloom and Veins replenish,  
 And make more brisk then drinking Rhenish :  
 Pray who'd themselves of these debar,  
 Considering how good they are ;  
 Two Guineas only for a Paper,  
 Not any where you'll be serv'd cheaper :  
 These Salts attested by a Lord,  
 And who can doubt his Lordship's Word ?  
 In Maggots Court, as we are told,  
 By S——h a German Barber's sold ;  
 Your Hair he'll dress, not any smarter,  
 But for his Drugs they're Salt of Tartar.

To next a Patent adds a Grace,  
 For Patents gladly Quacks embrace ;  
 They Virtue, Strength, and Value add,  
 And help the Sale, tho' ne'er so bad ;

Fame's

Fame's Trumpet makes to sound the louder

For this Antiscorbutic Powder.

'Tis odd that Patents should be got

For Med'cines good for none knows what:

But lest the Matter should seem strange,

And in Imagination range,

'Tis Money, that same sov'reign Balm,

That all unruly Passions calm;

Apply but properly with it,

And doubtless you'll a Patent get.

But this same Powder, that we mention,

Claims from the Old and Young Attention:

For pimpled Hands, carbuncled Face,

Or any other spotted Place;

This cleanses quite, and makes the Skin

Look even, fine, white, clear, and thin;

Does faded Charms and Bloom' restore

To those, whose youthful Days are o'er;

Nay more, these Powders are so decent,

They'll cure a Clap, if 'tis but recent.

But Time, that brings all Things to View,

Proves your Assertions are not true,

And that your Puffs are quite abstruse,

Your Trash not being of any Use.

Here's

Here's Drops for Vapours and Dejection,  
 If taken at your own Election ;  
 These Hypochondriack Slops remove  
 Those Fears, which trouble Minds in Love ;  
 Cures fainting Fits with Melancholy,  
 And Female Dizziness and Folly,  
 With every other Meggot bred  
 In the disorder'd brainless Head.  
 But as these Fancies most abound  
 In Womens Heads that are not sound,  
 Let those that fancied Ills endure,  
 With Fancy striye to work the Cure ;  
 If powerful Fancy won't avail,  
 These Drops, I'm sure, will ne'er prevail.

In short these Rogues, the total whole,  
 Are hardly match'd from Pole to Pole.  
 Learn then to shun the Quacking Trade,  
 Them and their Poisons both evade.  
 But let's Survey this City round,  
 And many other Quacks are found,  
 Of every Sphere, Degree and Rate,  
 From Sweep to Minister of State :  
 A Statesman that's no Politician,  
 By all the Rules of Erudition,

May justly stile, if Judgment lacks,  
 In State Affairs the worst of Quacks :  
 For Misery sure'll o'erwhelm the Land  
 Where such a one takes Helm in Hand.

The Man who takes a chief Command,  
 Yet does not rightly understand  
 Of War the Military Part,  
 Will surely err, tho' right at Heart ;  
 To put with others on a Par,  
 May likewise stile a Quack in War :  
 An Admiral or Commodore,  
 Who errs as some have done before,  
 For Want of Knowledge or of Skill,  
 His Ship to trim or fails to fill ;  
 Demand of Master, Mate, or Jacks,  
 In Seamanship, you'll find he quacks.

The Clergy search, to keep the Farce on,  
 You'll find out many a Quacking Person ;  
 They've some 'mongst them too very grand,  
 Pests to the People and the Land ;  
 Who poisonous Principles instil,  
 And pocket all their Wealth at Will :  
 The Methodists a horrid Crew,  
 That all Religion hack and hew,

And vilest Curses deal about  
On those, who'll not attend their Rout,  
If rightly judge, these pilfring Elves  
In cursing others damn themselves.

Suppose we to the Long Robe turn,  
We there shall Empirics discern ;  
For oft these Implements of Law,  
In a good Cause will make a Flaw ;  
And such as these may justly tax  
Or brand as petty-fogging Quacks.  
Thus Quacks in every Station find,  
Were we to search throughout Mankind :  
Nay e'en myself have got a Smack,  
And am in Scribbling but a Quack.

### F I N I S.